

# Arizona Republican's Editorial Page

## THE ARIZONA REPUBLICAN

Published by  
Arizona Publishing Company.  
Dwight B. Heard.....President and Manager  
Charles A. Stauffer.....Business Manager  
Garth W. Cate.....Assistant Business Manager  
W. Spear.....Editor

Exclusive Morning Associated Press Dispatches.  
Office, Corner Second and Adams Streets.  
Entered at the Postoffice at Phoenix, Arizona, as Mail Matter of the Second Class.

Robert E. Ward, Representative, New York Office,  
Brunswick Bldg., Chicago Office, Advertising Bldg.

TELEPHONES:  
Business Office.....423  
City Editor.....423  
Address all communications to THE ARIZONA REPUBLICAN, Phoenix, Arizona.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:  
Daily, one month, in advance.....\$ 7.50  
Daily, three months, in advance.....20.00  
Daily, six months, in advance.....40.00  
Daily, one year, in advance.....80.00  
Sundays only, by mail.....2.50

SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 26, 1915.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.—  
St. Luke, 2:14.

### "Do They Want Roosevelt?"

The New York Tribune on December 11 sounded a note which is gathering volume throughout the country, the rising popularity of Mr. Roosevelt. From no other quarter could such a note have been sounded with so great effect. The Tribune is the leading Republican paper of the nation. It had little sympathy with Progressive doctrines three years ago and has expressed none since. It was not friendly to Mr. Roosevelt in the latter part of his administration. But the Tribune, though it may have been classed as reactionary, has condemned, especially during the past year, the course of such republican leaders as Barnes and Penrose and has emphatically opposed the influence of the former in New York.

Under the caption, "Do They Want Roosevelt?" the Tribune said:

Do the republican leaders in Washington desire to make Theodore Roosevelt the republican candidate for president in 1916? Do they desire to see Mr. Roosevelt nominated and elected?

Colonel Roosevelt's weaknesses are better known than those of any other American. The years since he left the White House have been years which have subtracted from rather than added to his stature as a public man. There have been times in the past three years when his fellow-countrymen have been almost convinced that his usefulness was at an end.

But in the last few months there has been no mistaking the fact that there has been a real change in public opinion, and men who were long and scornfully opposed to Mr. Roosevelt as president and as a candidate are daily confessing to a change of opinion and feeling.

The reason is simple, and it is explained by an almost uniform statement. Thousands and thousands of Americans believe that if Theodore Roosevelt had been president of the United States there would have been no Louisiana tragedy. Those who hold that the tragedy was inevitable believe that without war and without peril of war Mr. Roosevelt would have obtained from Germany a disavowal and a guarantee against repetition of the crime.

There is one point on which Mr. Roosevelt's strength has never been questioned. He is a patriotic, loyal, aggressive American. He has from the beginning of his life stood consistently and stoutly for an Americanism which is the natural outgrowth of the Americanism of 1776 and 1861. At all times, under all circumstances, without hesitation and without qualification, Colonel Roosevelt has championed, fought for, served, an ideal of national honor which came down to him from other generations of Americans.

In the present crisis in American history, when we are involved in a dispute with Germany because Germany has murdered American citizens, when we are facing a situation of anarchy and domestic strife at home, Colonel Roosevelt is the one American who has, without hesitation and without thought of the political effect of his words, spoken frankly.

Other public men have cavilled and crawled. They have not dared to say the invasion of Belgium was a crime, even though not a crime calling for political intervention on the part of the United States, because such a declaration would repel German-American votes.

The Tribune warns the republican leaders that the overshadowing issue, the thing "uppermost in American minds and hearts is the preservation of American honor abroad and American existence at home." It cannot be met as Mr. Wilson has endeavored to meet it, by a "discreet silence." The issue cannot be dodged, it cannot be escaped and it cannot be forgotten by mutual consent.

"Millions of American citizens," says the Tribune, "in the last few weeks and months have awakened to a realization of the new conditions and perils that face the country. They are at last appreciating the shame and humiliation of a foreign policy based upon domestic political considerations. They are perceiving the extent of pusillanimity among their politicians and cowardice among their leaders. In this situation there is one man who has neither compromised nor qualified. There is one man who from the very onset expressed his convictions, his beliefs, his faith, and that man is Theodore Roosevelt."

"They (the republican leaders)," continues the Tribune, "have permitted him to become the single figure in American public life, identified with a policy of courage and patriotism which will appeal to the American people in the next campaign."

Concluding, the Tribune says:

If the republican leaders at Washington desire this thing to happen, there is nothing they need do now that they have not been doing for months. Their present policy is all that is required to make the nomination and election of Colonel Roosevelt inevitable. As the situation now stands, Colonel Roosevelt is the only man who can defeat Mr. Wilson, because he is the only man who has offered an honest substitute for Mr. Wilson's policy in the vital question of American honor abroad and security at home. If the republican leaders cannot see this, they are blinder now than they were in 1912, and they will presently pay for their blindness in its complete fashion.

Two generations ago a political party in this country strove to face both ways on a question of principle involving national safety and honor. As a consequence it perished. The Republican party can

no more survive half American and half Hephthan than could the white when it became half slave, half free. If the republican leaders attempt to follow such a course one of two things will happen—either the party will be destroyed altogether or it will become the instrument for the election of Mr. Roosevelt.

The Tribune could not have said more plainly that of all the avowed candidates for the republican nomination there is none who is available and who could appeal to the American people on the great and overshadowing issue of the next campaign. Mr. Roosevelt, the progressive leader, stands alone before the people.

The editorial of the Tribune met with instant endorsement. Three days later it printed several of many letters of approval, some of which were written on the day the editorial appeared. Among the writers are "life-long republicans" and at least one Wilson democrat. Elsewhere this morning we reprint these endorsing communications.

### Not a Fiasco

Only the shallow and the narrow speak of the peace mission of Mr. Henry Ford as a "fiasco." No enterprise conceived with a high purpose can possibly be a fiasco, though it may end in disaster and humiliation. No enterprise could have been conceived with a higher purpose than the Ford peace mission. If it could have succeeded Mr. Ford would have ranked as the greatest benefactor of his race that the present or any recent generation has produced. The lives that would have been saved would have been innumerable and the misery and sorrow that would have been averted would have been immeasurable.

Though Mr. Ford is coming home sick and presumably discouraged, it cannot be said that the mission has failed or that it was unwisely conceived. We cannot imagine that so shrewd and hard-headed a business man as Mr. Ford could have believed that he could stop the war by waving a peace-wand over Europe. His purpose, we think, was to organize a concrete movement, the spectacular feature of which would attract the attention of neutral nations and, at length, set even the warring nations to thinking. The very disappointments which have overwhelmed the mission may yet have that effect. The seed sown may yet germinate and bring forth peace.

Few great reforms have had a more auspicious beginning and still fewer of them have succeeded in the manner their founders expected. No more hard-earned thing was ever undertaken than the attempt of John Brown to free the slaves by force. John Brown believed it could be done and, no doubt, he was surprised and cast down by its failure. On the scaffold he may have been utterly disheartened, believing that slavery had triumphed forever.

Yet, it was only a few years before slavery was abolished and no doubt the years would have been many but for John Brown's wild escapade in Virginia. He set the people to thinking. His death much more than one other incident precipitated the rebellion which freed the slaves as thoroughly as if, under the leadership of John Brown, they had risen as he had expected them to rise and overthrow their masters.

Henry Ford set Europe to talking of peace and that is, at least, one step, long or short, toward peace.

### Our Friends of Both Sides

An old and valued subscriber and friend of The Republican called at this office yesterday to stop his subscription to the paper. He is of German extraction, if not of German birth, and his sympathies are properly with Germany in the war. He believed that The Republican was biased against Germany. We mention this incident only because almost daily some subscriber whose sympathies are with the allies complains to us that The Republican is pro-German.

Taking the opinion of these two classes of our readers together we believe that they will be accepted as proof of two things of which The Republican is proud: One is that it is fair; that it is somewhere on middle ground and that its expressions are neither colorless nor tasteless.

We are sorry that our friend on the German side has removed his name from our list and that any friend on the side of the allies has removed his name from the list. But we mourn not as those without hope. We know they will return, for they are still our friends and they will ultimately see that The Republican is neither pro-ally nor pro-German, but that it is against either of them when their conduct of the war infringes upon the rights of Americans. The Republican is American first, last and all the time.

### A Good Christmas

It was a good Christmas. The Christmas spirit was everywhere in Phoenix, more generally diffused than it has ever been before. If any poor child in the city or adjacent to the city did not enjoy some measure of the joy of Christmas it was not because no provision had been made for him, but because the various organizations formed for his relief did not learn of his needs. And every effort was made to locate all the needy.

What has been done has been highly creditable to the people of Phoenix, and they are the better today and will be better all the year for having done it. And here is one thing about Christmas, and the greatest thing, that so many people miss. It is more than the receiving of rich gifts and much more than the satisfaction derived from bountiful dinners. It is the joy of giving, not the exchanging of gifts with well-to-do friends, but the giving to those who are unfortunate and in need.

### THE AGE OF DISCRETION

When wisdom entereth into thine heart, and knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul; discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee; to deliver thee from the way of the evil man, from the man that speaketh forward things; who leave the paths of uprightness, to walk in the ways of darkness; who rejoice to do evil, and delight in the forwardness of the wicked.—Proverbs 1, 19 to 24.

### LITTLE JAMES

(A time of the year that is very trying on the Prohibition Amendment) "This is the First Dry Christmas" was ever spent in Arizona," sez a feller which has traveled around a Hole Lot, to My Paw, "an' it wasn't so Offul Dry 'at you could Reely say 'at it was Dessicated either, an' 'th' Poken apers to 'ot along very Well indeed. I been where it was a Hole Lot Dryer, frinstance wunst when I was in Milwauky without 'ot in my Jeans an' wunst in Kentucky. They was stuff to Drink on evry Hand but I didn't have 'n' price. Amid sic circumstances Drouth is more Terribler'n it is in Arizona where they is nothin' in Site to remind you of your Poverty. Here it's Conseeded where only th' Capitalists can find it. Th' Worst sufferin' ever seed about was th' case of a feller called Tanylus which was very Thirsty and was tied in some kind of Lakwid which jist come up to his chin ad when he reached fer it it always reseeded. That was like me in Milwauky, Peery, Saint Louis an' Kentucky. I could git my chin up to th' Bar but jist then th' Bottle in th' Hand of th' Bartender always Reseeded when he seen that they was no Money in site. Tanylus didn't have nothin' on me.

"When the Prohibitionists made Arizona Dry they was wun thing 'at they didn't Count onto an' that was Sanky Claws. If they'd of only had some Knollidge of the Science of Fizyogonomy they'd of Knode 'at he'd haffo be Reckoned with. Any feller like him with a red face an' a Redder an' Reddous Nose aint no Sympathizer with no Prohibition Movement.

"I been tole 'at Sanky Claws had kep' a pretty Hot Trade between here and California for some weex an' when th' Trade got Too Hot, he'd Change off fer awhile an' Heet up a Trade to Lordsburg, N. M., which is th' Nearest Relief Station on th' other side. I seen lots of Fokes which sed 'at they heard th' Bells of his Rain Deers which fussed in th' Nite an' wun feller tole me th' 'at he aeklyly Got a Glimp of him wunst.

Sanky Claws seen to it 'at none of th' Ingratitude of Mince Pize an' none of th' Constituent Parts of Plum Pudding was missin' in Arizona. I understand, 'at he's been so Actif 'at he's brot in more Ingratitude an' Constituents Parts of Pize an' Pudding could be used by all th' House Wives in Arizona in th' next Thousand yeers sed 'at them Ingratitude has been turned over to other Fokes."

"You don't mean to Tole me," sez my Paw, "at Sanky Claws has been engaged in th' Boot Legin' Bizness."

"No," sez th' Travler, "I woudnt ezeakly call it Boot Legin' but that's what some of th' Sheriffs thinks it is. It looks to me more like Safety First Ade."

Little James.

### ANN MATILDA JONES

POETESS

Her Reflections in Prose and Verse

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"A little nonsense, now and then, is relished by the wisest men."

Is a trite saying, but nevertheless a true one. I chanced to be in a western city one night when a total eclipse of the moon occurred. Some days afterwards I was told the following story, which I assume to be true:

### A TOTAL ECLIPSE

The sat on the porch till the moon was hid.

At a very late hour that night;

And he happened the question—they say he did—

When the moon popped out of sight.

And his jealous rival was heard to remark,

"That moon-eclipse wasn't half so

so dark as the one I saw."

As the total eclipse of my mother's son."

In the next piece my rhythmic pendulum swings to the other extreme, and I give a more sober expression—a war poem—something I have not before attempted in these chapters.

### IN A SCOTTISH CHURCHYARD

Among the graves by Allworth kirk,

Whose walls the ivy climbs,

The graveyard sexton does not shrink

His task in troublous times.

Though oftentimes his friends at

loze

His sight is growing dim.

The border plants, and bits of hedge,

Are always neat and trim.

The rest he long had waited for

Comes not, but adduced care.

For mighty England is at war.

And Allworth kirk is there,

Week after week new globe he breaks.

Som Scottish boy comes back,

And with his buried kinsmen makes

His long, vast bivouac.

Last week, Macdonald of the Glen

Was laid away with tears;

Last night, 'twas bluff old Souter

Ben.

And both were Fusiliers.

On Honor's sacred field they fell,

In Flanders, side by side,

When hurtling shot had challenged

shell,

And bursting shell replied.

There's many a stricken maiden

moans

In utter, bleak despair;

And children's cries and widows'

groans

Make tremulous the air

And stir the immemorial leaves

Of ivy on the walls.

Of Allworth kirk; a nation grieves—

So wide the ruin falls.

What woe, what infamy, what sin,

What monstrous crime is this

That madly flings a world within

This bloody, dark abyss?

For while the sword of Justice

sleeps,

Secure the guilty dwell;

O, God! Would they might sound

the deeps

Of War's unmeasured hell!

ANN MATILDA JONES.

(To Be Continued.)

### RUMINATIONS

"Roused by Reading 'Reflections' of Ann Matilda Jones.

There's many a modest female

Who steals awhile away

To read the morning paper

On her busiest busy day.

And in many a kitchen corner

'Midst the pot's an' pans,

Just some ordinary woman

(Of an ordinary man)

While she stands and stirs the puddin'

Waits for tardy dough to rise,

Keeps her mind and thoughts a stirrin'

Mixin' politics and pies.

Like the roses' blushin' sweetness

Lost in dusty desert air,

So there's many a near-politician

Swamped in dreary household care.

For these dames there's no expression

In the realm of politics.

If they do not read the paper,

Know the ropes and learn the tricks.

If they cannot render rhymists

Good as Ann Matilda Jones,

If they cannot make a monolog

Like Little James's monies,

Should they fall in "Hambling Rem-

like"

In ——— verse, the while

They miss the mark at cleverities

Of Jacobean style

They can read the editorials

Of a late Republican,

They wise in diplomatic lore

As they its columns scan,

And when the next election comes,

Regardless of the bosses,

Or even hubbub's pro's and con's,

Or his financial losses,

They'll cast their votes for whom and

what

They think is good and righteous.

And these same votes will gain or lose

For some poor man—the White House.

——— Patsy.

### CHANDLER

Both out of doors and in yesterday,

at the Hotel San Marcos, Christmas

spirit prevailed. All day people dotted

the golf links. There were players on

the tennis courts and horseback riders

viewed the country from the backs

of Bill Huggert's horses. The Christmas

festivities, however, properly began

on Christmas eve when the Christ-

mas tree was lighted and a twelve-

foot row of stockings was hung before

the big fire place in the lobby. With

a fire place of that proportions, the

proposition was naturally too alluring

to Santa Claus to resist, and he did

his duty most nobly.

The arrival of Harry Collis, the San

Marcos golf professional, and his as-

stant, Emil Dove, has given an addi-

tional impetus to golf. The plans Mr.

Collis has started to work out in fur-

ther trapping and bunkering the

course, are most interesting, and in-

clude some very scenic water hazards.

Out of town golfers of the past

few days include Harry Tittle and son,

Mr. Barnett of Phoenix, E. W. Shor-

bert, R. B. Clark, E. S. Wallace and J.

G. Aldrich, Jr., of the Evans School.

Two officers of the French army,

Capt. H. Sarret and Capt. Al Lafon,

were visitors at the San Marcos on

Monday for the purpose of buying

horses. Capt. Lafon is recovering

from a wound received in the trenches

on the French front.

Frank Lake, W. K. Bowen, C. W. Pe-

tersott, J. T. Bone, H. L. Peterson and

Clarence Thode, with Warren McAr-

thur spent part of Tuesday at the San

Marcos, being in the Chandler district

on business for the county.

Mr. Frank M. Smith, a member of

the well known Chicago real estate

firm and brother is spending the winter

at the San Marcos. He is an en-

thusiastic golfer and delighted with

the Chandler grass golf links.

Mr. and Mrs. Quinn J. Anderson, of

Phoenix, were host and hostess to the